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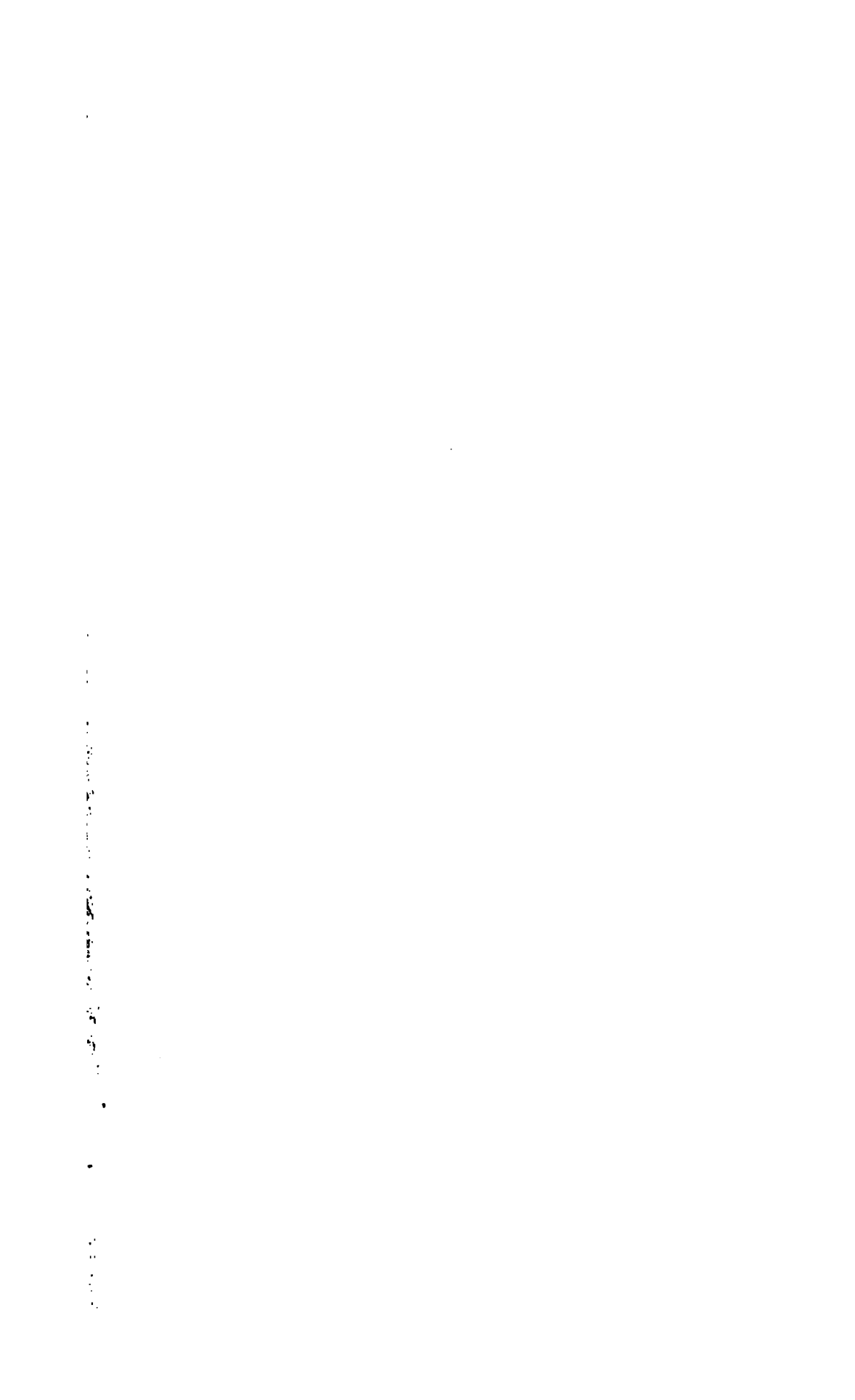
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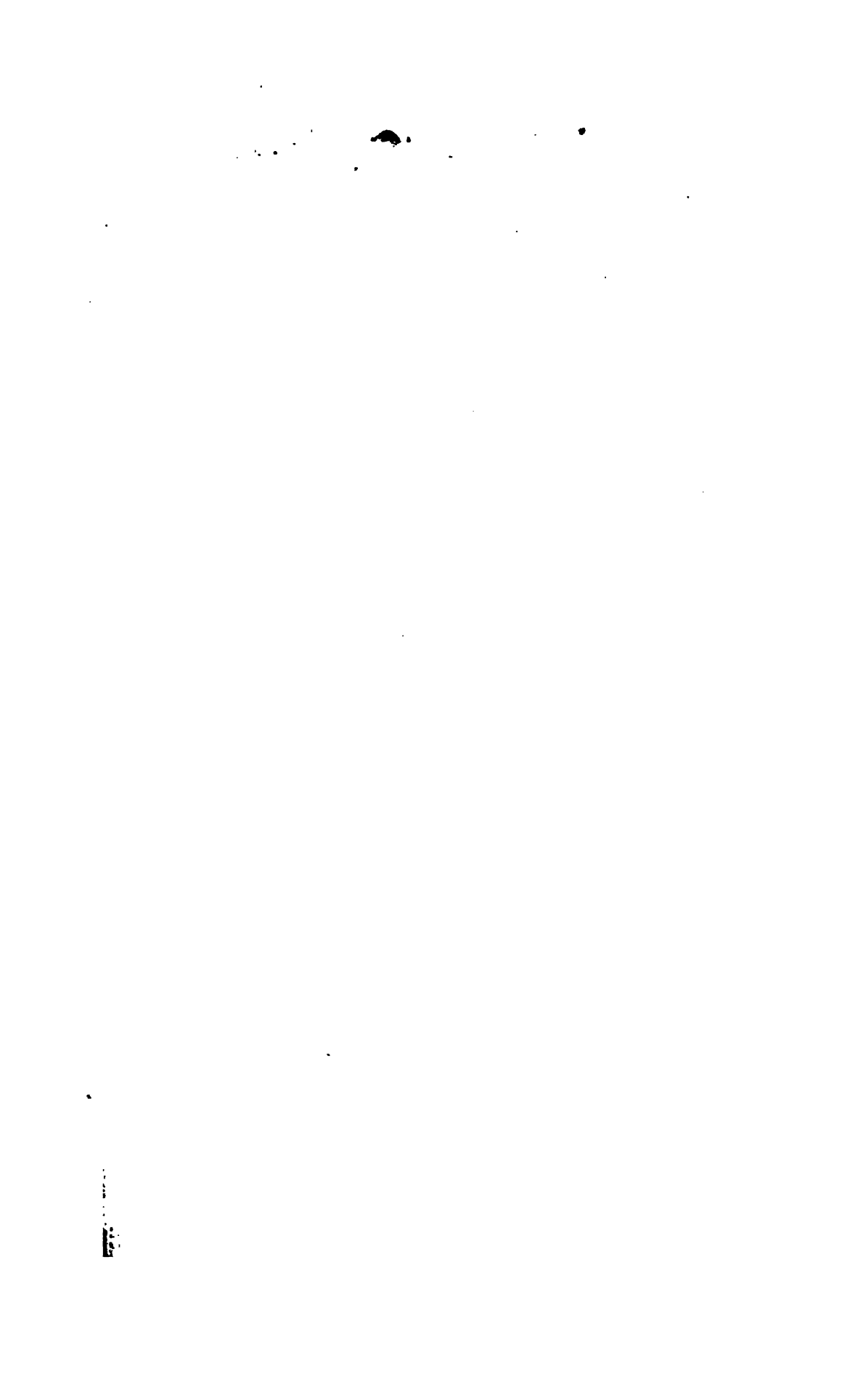


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THE
ESSENTIALS
 OF
JAMES S. THOMSON,
 WITH
 HIS LIFE.
Complete Index and Glossary.



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BY
JAMES THOMSON,
WITH
HIS LIFE, BY MR. MURDOCH,
AN
ESSAY ON THE PLAN AND MANNER OF THE POEM,
BY J. AIKEN, M. D.
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AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. J. THOMSON.

IT is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits; the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be, and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing; yet the desire which the Public always shew of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author, ought not to be disap-

pointed; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory; to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which officious Biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place, was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly respected by them, for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty: as appeared afterwards, in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Reverend Messrs. Riccarton and Gusthart, particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly

part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances; and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labour so happily employed.

The other reverend gentleman, Mr. Gusthart, who is still living*, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. Thomson in the management of her little affairs; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir William Bennet likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used

* 1762.

to invite him to pass the summer vacation at his country seat: a scene of life which Mr. Thomson always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at Jedburgh, Mr. Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh. But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. Thomson, whose maiden name was Hume, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She

consulted her friend Mr. Gusthart: and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to Edinburgh; where she lived in a decent, frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronised as a man of genius. She was, herself, a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But whatever advantage Mr. Thomson might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the sacred writings, contributed greatly to that *sublime*, by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the Seasons, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, clothing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity, which belong to a just composition; unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time, the study of poetry was become general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. Addison had lately displayed the beauties of Milton's immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. Pope's celebrated Essay, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of nature, the want of which, Aristotle and Bossu cannot supply; nor even the study of the best originals, when the reader's faculties are not *tuned in a certain consonance* to those of the poet: and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. Thomson's first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriations which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far indeed they might be competent judges: but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. Thomson, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he

could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his views towards London; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement; and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination,

a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till, after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender, benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *Poet*, or love the *Man*.

From that time, Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses: the Countess of Hertford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs.

Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry; who, upon conversing with Mr. Thomson, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor Talbot; and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord Talbot. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the Public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but Mr. Thomson, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

——Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth.——

Meanwhile our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the ex-

pectations which his Winter had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other Seasons: of Summer in the year 1727; of Spring, in the beginning of the following year; and of Autumn, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.

In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order: and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*. In imitation of the Hebrew Bard, all nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written and acted with applause, in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Neutonianismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of

his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

That same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it; and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the Public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity; graceful of

suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair: a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable: his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum; Mr. Millar was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his

While Mr. Thomson was writing the First Part of Liberty, he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller; which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern; the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. Thomson, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttelton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of Briefs; a place of little attendance,

tical conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risque the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another ; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. Paterson, a companion of Mr. Thomson, afterwards his *deputy* and then his *successor* in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse, and had taken for his subject the story of Arminius the German hero. But his play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the *censor* cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen Edward and Eleonora, than he cried out, “ Away with it ! ” and the author’s profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson’s next dramatic performance was the Masque of Alfred ; written, jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of Wales, for the entertainment of His Royal Highness’s

court, at his summer residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet. It was acted at Clifden, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, who appeared in the principal characters; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two Cantos. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The *stanza* which he uses in this work is that of Spenser, borrowed from the Italian poets; in which he thought rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the *stanza* admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds: while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated; as must often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets; the usual measure indeed of our *elegy* and *satire*; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the *burlesque*.

This was the last piece Mr. Thomson himself published; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that, when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between London and Richmond, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One

summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew ; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of Kew-lane, had always hitherto prevented. But now the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger : till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town ; at last, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance : but, alas ! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttelton, whose care of our poet's fortune and

fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage: from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters. My Lord Lyttelton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been *written*: the best *spoken* it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that *then*, indeed, Mr. Quin was *no actor*; that the tears he shed were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his life-time. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. Collins, who had lived some time at Richmond, but forsook it when Mr. Thomson died, wrote an ode to his me-

mory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful : though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood : but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was

affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a *sonnet*, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading: but a passage of Virgil, Milton, or Shakspeare, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart: so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the *merit* or *demerit* of *imitators*. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from Pliny the elder, where the course, and gradual increase, of the Nile, are figured by the stages of man's life.

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking

in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular Italian drama, such as Metastasio writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of Italy; wishing sometimes that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels he had seen all the most celebrated monu-

ments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of Liberty, we have the master-pieces there mentioned placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. Gray, of Richmond Hill.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends, his devotion to the Supreme Being, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings or otherwise.

He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time ; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might ; by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty ; then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with enthusiastic ardour, and lamented his untimely fate in the manner that is still fresh in every one's memory ; the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection ; the applause of the public attended every appearance he made ; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present, indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for ; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an English theatre. They may here-

after come to be in vogue: but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works; neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his *manner*, which have been following him close, from the very first publication of 'Winter, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the English poetry.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

BY MR. COLLINS.

*[The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames,
near Richmond.]*

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which see a description in the CASTLE
OF INDOLENCE.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,
To hear the 'Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire*,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

* RICHMOND Church.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
PLAN AND CHARACTER
OF
THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WHEN a work of art to masterly execution adds novelty of design, it demands not only a cursory admiration, but such a mature enquiry into the principles upon which it has been formed, as may determine how far it deserves to be received as a model for future attempts in the same walk. Originals are always rare productions. The performances of artists in general, even of those who stand high in their respective classes, are only imitations; which have more or less merit, in proportion to the degree of skill and judg-

d

ment with which they copy originals more or less excellent. A good original, therefore, forms an æra in the art itself; and the history of every art divides itself into periods comprhending the intervals between the appearance of different approved originals. Sometimes, indeed, various models of a very different cast may exercise the talents of imitators during a single period; and this will more frequently be the case, as arts become more generally known and studied; difference of taste being always the result of liberal and varied pursuit.

How strongly these periods are marked in the history of Poetry, both ancient and modern, a cursory view will suffice to shew. The scarcity of originals here is universally acknowledged and lamented, and the present race of poets are thought particularly chargeable with this defect. It ought, however, to be allowed in their favour, that if genius has declined, taste has improved; and that if they imitate more, they choose better models to copy after.

That THOMSON'S SEASONS is the original whence our modern descriptive poets have derived that more elegant and correct style of painting na-

tural objects which distinguishes them from their immediate predecessors, will, I think, appear evident to one who examines their several casts and manners. That none of them, however, have yet equalled their master; and that his performance is an exquisite piece, replete with beauties of the most engaging and delightful kind, will be sensibly felt by all of congenial taste;—and perhaps no poem was ever composed which addressed itself to the feelings of a greater number of readers. It is, therefore, on every account, an object well worthy the attention of criticism; and an enquiry into the peculiar nature of its plan and the manner of its execution may be an agreeable introduction to a re-perusal of it in the elegant edition now offered to the public.

The description of such natural objects as by their beauty, grandeur, or novelty, agreeably impress the imagination, has at all times been a principal and favourite occupation of poetry. Various have been the methods in which such descriptions have been introduced. They have been made subservient to the purposes of ornament and illustration, in the more elevated and abstracted kind of poetry, by being used as objects of similitude. They have constituted a pleasing and necessary

part of epic narration, when employed in forming a scenery suitable to the events. The simple tale of pastoral life could scarcely without their aid be rendered in any degree interesting. The precepts of an art, and the systems of philosophers, depend upon the adventitious ornaments afforded by them for almost every thing which can render them fit subjects for poetry.

Thus intermixed as they are with almost all, and essential to some species of poetry, it was, however, thought that they could not legitimately constitute the whole, or even the principal part, of a capital piece. Something of a more solid nature was required as the ground-work of a poetical fabric; *pure description* was opposed to *sense*; and, binding together the wild flowers which grew obvious to common sight and touch, was deemed a trifling and unprofitable amusement.

Such was the state of critical opinion, when THOMSON published, in succession, but not in their present order*, the pieces which compose the SEASONS; the first capital work in which natural description was professedly the principal

* They appeared in the following order: Winter, Summer, Spring, Autumn.

object. To paint the face of nature as changing through the changing seasons; to mark the approaches, and trace the progress of these vicissitudes, in a series of landscapes all formed upon images of grandeur or beauty; and to give animation and variety to the whole by interspersing manners and incidents suitable to the scenery; appears to be the general design of this Poem. Essentially different from a didactic piece, its *business* is to describe, and the occupation of its *leisure* to teach. And as in the Georgics, whenever the poet has, for a while borne away by the warmth of fancy, wandered through the flowery wilds of description, he suddenly checks himself, and returns to the toils of the husbandman; so THOMSON, in the midst of his delightful lessons of morality, and affecting relations, recurs to a view of that state of the season which introduced the digression.

It is an attention to this leading idea, that in this piece there is a progressive series of descriptions, all tending to a certain point, and all parts of a general plan, which alone can enable us to range through the vast variety and quick succession of objects presented in it, with any clear conception of the writer's method, or true judgment concerning what may be regarded as forwarding

his main purpose, or as merely ornamental deviation. The particular elucidation of this point will constitute the principal part of the present Essay.

Although each of the SEASONS appears to have been intended as a complete piece, and contains within itself the natural order of beginning, middle, and termination, yet as they were at length collected and modelled by their author, they have all a mutual relation to each other, and concur in forming a more comprehensive whole. The annual space in which the earth performs its revolution round the sun is so strongly marked by nature for a perfect period, that all mankind have agreed in forming their computations of time upon it. In all the temperate climates of the globe, the four seasons are so many progressive stages in this circuit, which, like the acts in a well-constructed drama, gradually disclose, ripen, and bring to an end the various business transacted on the great theatre of Nature. The striking analogy which this period with its several divisions bears to the course of human existence, has been remarked and pursued by writers of all ages and countries. Spring has been represented as the youth of the year—the season of pleasing hope, lively energy, and rapid increase—Summer has been resembled

to perfect manhood—the season of steady warmth, confirmed strength, and unremitting vigour. Autumn, which, while it bestows the rich products of full maturity, is yet ever hastening to decline, has been aptly compared to that period, when the man, mellowed by age, yields the most valuable fruits of experience and wisdom, but daily exhibits increasing symptoms of decay. The cold, cheerless, and sluggish Winter has almost without a metaphor been termed the decrepid and hoary old age of the year. Thus the history of the year, pursued through its changing seasons, is that of an individual, whose existence is marked by a progressive course from its origin to its termination. It is thus represented by our poet; this idea preserves an unity and connection through his whole work; and the accurate observer will remark a beautiful chain of circumstances in his description, by which the birth, vigour, decline, and extinction of the vital principle of the year are pictured in the most lively manner.

This order and gradation of the whole runs, as has been already hinted, through each division of the poem. Every season has its incipient, confirmed, and receding state, of which its historian ought to give distinct views, arranged according

to the succession in which they appear. Each, too, like the prismatic colours, is distinguishably blended in its origin and termination with that which precedes, and which follows it; and it may be expected from the pencil of an artist to hit off these mingled shades so as to produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. Our poet has not been inattentive to these circumstances in the conduct of his plan. His **SPRING** begins with a view of the season as yet unconfirmed, and partaking of the roughness of **Winter***; and it is not till after several steps in gradual progression, that it breaks forth in all its ornaments, as the favourite of Love and Pleasure. His **AUTUMN**, after a rich prospect of its bounties and splendours, gently fades into "the sere, the yellow leaf," and with the lengthened night, the clouded sun, and the rising storm, sinks into the arms of **Winter**. It is remarkable, that in order to produce something of a similar effect in his **SUMMER**, a season which, on account of its uniformity of character, does not admit of any strongly-marked gradations, he has comprised the whole of his description within the

* A descriptive piece, in which this very interval of time is represented, with all the accuracy of a naturalist, and vivid colouring of a poet, has lately appeared in a poem of Mr. Warton's, intituled "The First of April."

limits of a single day, pursuing the course of the sun from its rising to its setting. A Summer's day is, in reality, a just model of the entire season. Its beginning is moist and temperate; its middle, sultry and parching; its close, soft and refreshing. By thus exhibiting all the vicissitudes of Summer under one point of view, they are rendered much more striking than could have been done in a series of feebly contrasted and scarcely distinguishable periods.

With this idea of the general plan of the whole work, and of its several parts, we proceed to take a view of the various subjects composing the descriptive series of which it principally consists.

Every grand and beautiful appearance in nature, that distinguishes one portion of the annual circuit from another, is a proper source of materials for the Poet of the Seasons. Of these, some are obvious to the common observer, and require only justness and elegance of taste for the selection: others discover themselves only to the mind opened and enlarged by science and philosophy. All the knowledge we acquire concerning natural objects by such a train of observation and reasoning as merits the appellation of science, is compre-

hended under the two divisions of Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Both of these may be employed to advantage in descriptive poetry: for although it be true, that poetical composition, being rather calculated for amusement than instruction, and addressing itself to the many who feel, rather than to the few who reason, is improperly occupied about the abstruse and argumentative parts of a science; yet, to reject those grand and beautiful ideas which a philosophical view of nature offers to the mind, merely because they are above the comprehension of vulgar readers, is surely an unnecessary degradation of this noble art. Still more narrow and unreasonable is that critical precept, which, in conformity to the received notion that fiction is the soul of poetry, obliges the poet to adopt ancient errors in preference to modern truths; and this even where truth has the advantage in point of poetical effect. In fact, modern philosophy is as much superior to the ancient in sublimity as in solidity; and the most vivid imagination cannot paint to itself scenes of grandeur equal to those which cool science and demonstration offer to the enlightened mind. Objects so vast and magnificent as planets rolling with even pace through their orbits, comets rushing along their devious track, light springing from its

unexhausted source, mighty rivers formed in their subterranean beds, do not require, or even admit, a heightening from the fancy. The most faithful pencil here produces the noblest pictures; and THOMSON, by strictly adhering to the character of the Poet of Nature, has treated all these topics with a true sublimity, which a writer of less knowledge and accuracy could never have attained. The strict propriety with which subjects from Astronomy and the other parts of Natural Philosophy are introduced into a poem describing the changes of the Seasons, need not be insisted on, since it is obvious that the primary cause of all these changes is to be sought in principles derived from these sciences. They are the ground-work of the whole; and establish that connected series of cause and effect, upon which all those appearances in nature depend, from whence the descriptive poet draws his materials.

Natural History, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which nature offers to us. These observations, however, deserve to be considered as part of a science only when they refer to some general truth, and form

a link of that vast chain which connects all created beings in one grand system. It was my attempt, in an Essay lately published*, to shew how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties of descriptive poetry; and some of the most striking examples of excellence arising from this source were extracted from the poem now before us. It will be unnecessary here to recapitulate the substance of these remarks, or to mark out singly the several passages of our author which display his talents for description to the greatest advantage. Our present design rather requires such a general view of the materials he has collected, and the method in which he has arranged them, as may shew in what degree they forward and coincide with the plan of his work.

The correspondence between certain changes in the animal and vegetable tribes, and those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the Seasons, is the foundation of an alliance between Astronomy and Natural History, that equally demands attention, as a matter of cu-

* Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry.

rious speculation and of practical utility. The astronomical calendar, filled up by the Naturalist, is a combination of science at the same time pregnant with important instruction to the husbandman, and fertile in grand and pleasing objects to the poet and philosopher. THOMSON seems constantly to have kept in view a combination of this kind; and to have formed from it such an idea of the economy of Nature, as enabled him to preserve a regularity of method and uniformity of design through all the variety of his descriptions. We shall attempt to draw out a kind of historical narrative of his progress through the SEASONS, as far as this order is observable.

Spring is characterized as the season of the renovation of nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of Winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of their several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The poet, accordingly, begins with representing the reviviscent plants emerging, as soon as genial showers have softened the ground, in numbers "beyond the power of botanists to reckon up their tribes." The opening blos-

soms and flowers soon call forth from their winter retreats those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectareous juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs and trees, unfold their leaves; and, as soon as a friendly concealment is by their means provided for the various nations of the feathered race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the Spring, which THOMSON has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the Passion of the Groves, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most negligent eye. Affected by the same soft influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, the several kinds of quadrupeds are represented as concurring in the celebration of this charming Season with conjugal and parental rites. Even Man himself, though from his social condition less under the dominion of physical necessities, is properly described as partaking of the general ardour. Such is the order and connexion of this whole book, that it might well pass for a commentary upon a most beautiful passage in the philosophical poet Lucretius; who

certainly wanted nothing but a better system and more circumscribed subject, to have appeared as one of the greatest masters of description in either ancient or modern poetry. Reasoning on the unperishable nature, and perpetual circulation, of the particles of matter, he deduces all the delightful appearances of Spring from the seeds of fertility which descend in the vernal showers.

——— pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater Æther
 In gremium matris Terræ precipitavit.
 At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt
 Arboribus; crescunt ipsæ, fœtuque gravantur:
 Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus, atque ferarum:
 Hinc lætas urbeis pueris florere videmus,
 Frundiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas.
 Hinc fessæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta
 Corpora deponunt, et candens lacteus humor
 Uberibus manat distentis; hinc nova proles
 Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas
 Ludit, lacte mero menteis percussa novellas.

LIB. I. 251, &c,

The rains are lost when Jove descends in showers
 Soft on the bosom of the parent earth:
 But springs the shining grain; their verdant robe
 The trees resume; they grow, and pregnant bend
 Beneath their fertile load: hence kindly food
 The living tribes receive: the cheerful town
 Beholds its joyous bands of flowering youth;
 With new-born songs the leafy groves resound;

ous forms of *fruit*; which term, while, with respect to common use, it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the Naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered by the friendly winds which now begin to blow, over the surface of that earth which they are to clothe and decorate. The young of the animal race, which Spring and Summer had brought forth and cherished, having now acquired sufficient vigour, quit their concealments, and offer themselves to the pursuit of the carnivorous among their fellow-animals, and of the great destroyer man. Thus the scenery is enlivened with the various sports of the hunter; which, however repugnant they may appear to that system of general benevolence and sympathy which philosophy would inculcate, have ever afforded a most agreeable exertion to the human powers, and have much to plead in their favour as a necessary part of the great plan of Nature. Indeed, she marks her intention with suf-

ficient precision, by refusing to grant any longer those friendly shades which had grown for the protection of the infant offspring. The grove loses its honours; but before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour, superior to the verdure of Spring, or the luxuriance of Summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and are equally happy ornaments in the description of the poet.

These unvarying symptoms of approaching Winter now warn several of the winged tribes to prepare for their ærial voyage to those happy climates of perpetual summer, where no deficiency of food or shelter can ever distress them; and about the same time other fowls of hardier constitution, which are contented with escaping the iron winters of the arctic regions, arrive to supply the vacancy. Thus the striking scenes afforded by that wonderful part of the economy of nature, the migration of birds, present themselves at this season to the poet. The thickening fogs, the heavy

rains, the swoln rivers, while they deform this sinking period of the year, add new subjects to the pleasing variety which reigns throughout its whole course, and which justifies the poet's character of it, as the season when the Muse "best exerts her voice."

Winter, directly opposite as it is in other respects to Summer, yet resembles it in this, that it is a Season in which Nature is employed rather in secretly preparing for the mighty changes which it successively brings to light, than in the actual exhibition of them. It is therefore a period equally barren of events; and has still less of animation than Summer, inasmuch as lethargic insensibility is a state more distant from vital energy than the languor of indolent repose. From the fall of the leaf, and withering of the herb, an unvarying death-like torpor oppresses almost the whole vegetable creation, and a considerable part of the animal, during this entire portion of the year. The whole insect race, which filled every part of the Summer landscape with life and motion, are now either buried in profound sleep, or actually no longer exist, except in the unformed rudiments of a future progeny. Many of the birds and quadrupeds are retired to concealments,

from which not even the calls of hunger can force them ; and the rest, intent only on the preservation of a joyless being, have ceased to exert those powers of pleasing, which, at other seasons, so much contribute to their mutual happiness, as well as to the amusement of their human sovereign. Their social connexions, however, are improved by their wants. In order the better to procure their scanty subsistence, and resist the inclemencies of the sky, they are taught by instinct to assemble in flocks; and this provision has the secondary effect of gratifying the spectator with something of novelty and action even in the dreariness of a wintry prospect.

But it is in the extraordinary changes and agitations which the elements and the surrounding atmosphere undergo during this season, that the poet of nature must principally look for relief from the gloomy uniformity reigning through other parts of the creation. Here scenes are presented to his view, which, were they less frequent, must strike with wonder and admiration the most incurious spectator. The effects of cold are more sudden, and in many instances more extraordinary and unexpected, than those of heat. He who has

beheld the vegetable productions of even a northern Summer, will not be greatly amazed at the richer, and more luxuriant, but still resembling, growths of the tropics. But one, who has always been accustomed to view water in a liquid and colourless state, cannot form the least conception of the same element as hardened into an extensive plain of solid crystal, or covering the ground with a robe of the purest white. The highest possible degree of astonishment must therefore attend the first view of these phenomena; and as in our temperate climate but a small portion of the year affords these spectacles, we find that, even here, they have novelty enough to excite emotions of agreeable surprise. But it is not to novelty alone that they owe their charms. Their intrinsic beauty is, perhaps, individually superior to that of the gayest objects presented by the other seasons. Where is the elegance and brilliancy that can compare with that which decorates every tree or bush on the clear morning succeeding a night of hoar frost? or what is the lustre that would not appear dull and tarnished in competition with a field of snow just glazed over with frost? By the vivid description of such objects as these, contrasted with the savage sublimity of storms and

tempests, our poet has been able to produce a set of winter landscapes, as engaging to the fancy as the apparently happier scenes of genial warmth and verdure.

But he has not trusted entirely to these resources for combating the natural sterility of Winter. Repeating the pleasing artifice of his SUMMER, he has called in foreign aid, and has heightened the scenery with grandeur and horror not our own. The famished troops of wolves pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same regions; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his rein-deer; the wonders of the icy sea, the volcanoes "flaming thro' a waste of snow;" are objects judiciously selected from all that Nature presents most singular and striking in the various domains of boreal cold and wintry desolation.

Thus have we attempted to give a general view of those materials which constitute the groundwork of a poem on the Seasons; which are essential to its very nature; and on the proper arrangement of which its regularity and connexion depend. The extent of knowledge, as well as the powers of description, which THOMSON has exhi-

bited in this part of his work, is, on the whole, truly admirable; and though, with the present advanced taste for accurate observation in Natural History, some improvements might be suggested, yet he certainly remains unrivalled in the list of descriptive poets.

But the rural landscape is not solely made up of land, and water, and trees, and birds, and beasts; *man* is a distinguished fire in it; his multiplied occupations and concerns introduce themselves into every part of it; he intermixes even in the wildest and rudest scenes, and throws a life and interest upon every surrounding object. *Manners* and *character* therefore constitute a part even of a descriptive poem; and in a plan so extensive as the history of the year, they must enter under various forms, and upon numerous occasions.

The most obvious and appropriated use of human figures in pictures of the Seasons, is the introduction of them to assist in marking out the succession of annual changes by their various labours and amusements. In common with other animals, man is directed in the diversified employment of earning a toilsome subsistence by an attention to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and all his diver-

sions in the simple state of rustic society are also regulated by the same circumstance. Thus a series of moving figures enlivens the landscape, and contributes to stamp on each scene its peculiar character. The shepherd, the husbandman, the hunter, appear in their turns; and may be considered as natural concomitants of that portion of the yearly round which prompts their several occupations.

But it is not only the bodily pursuits of man which are affected by these changes; the sensations and affections of his mind are almost equally under their influence: and the result of the whole, as forming the enamoured votary of Nature to a peculiar cast of character and manners, is not less conspicuous. Thus the poet of the SEASONS is at liberty, without deviating from his plan, to descant on the varieties of moral constitution, and the powers which external causes are found to possess over the temper of the soul. He may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and, assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement with the turbulent agitations of ambition and avarice.

The various incidents too, upon which the simple tale of rural events is founded, are very much modelled by the difference of seasons. The catastrophes of Winter differ from those of Summer; the sports of Spring from those of Autumn. Thus, little history pieces and adventures, whether pathetic or amusing, will suggest themselves to the Poet; which, when properly adapted to the scenery and circumstances, may very happily coincide with the main design of the composition.

The bare enumeration of these several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners, will be sufficient to call to mind the admirable use which THOMSON throughout his whole poem has made of them. He, in fact, never appears more truly inspired with his subject, than when giving birth to those sentiments of tenderness and beneficence, which seem to have occupied his whole heart. An universal benevolence, extending to every part of the animal creation, manifests itself in almost every scene he draws; and the rural character, as delineated in his feelings, contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age. Yet excellent as the moral and sentimental part of his work must appear to every congenial mind, it is,

perhaps, that in which he may the most easily be rivalled. A refined and feeling heart may derive from its own proper sources a store of corresponding sentiment, which will naturally clothe itself in the form of expression best suited to the occasion. Nor does the invention of those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions, require any great stretch of fancy. The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect. Wonder and surprise are affections of so different a kind, and so distract the attention, that they never fail to diminish the force of the pathetic. On these accounts, writers much inferior in respect to the powers of description and imagery, have equalled our poet in elegant and benevolent sentiment, and perhaps excelled him in interesting narration. Of these, it will be sufficient to mention the ingenious author of a French poem on the Seasons; who, though a mere copyist in the descriptive parts, has made many pleasing additions to the manners and incidents proper for such a composition.

But there is a strain of sentiment of a higher and more digressive nature, with which THOMSON has occupied a considerable portion of his poem. The

fundamental principles of moral philosophy, ideas concerning the origin and progress of government and civilization, historical sketches, and reviews of the characters most famous in ancient and modern history, are interspersed through the various parts of the SEASONS. The manly, liberal, and enlightened spirit which this writer breathes in all his works, must ever endear him to the friends of truth and virtue; and, in particular, his genuine patriotism and zeal in the cause of liberty will render his writings always estimable to the British reader. But, just and important as his thoughts on these topics may be, there may remain a doubt in the breast of the critic, whether their introduction in a piece like this do not, in some instances, break in upon that unity of character which every work of art should support. We have seen, from the general plan and tenor of the poem, that it is professedly of the rural cast. The objects it is chiefly conversant with are those presented by the hand of Nature, not the products of human heart; and when man himself is introduced as a part of the groupe, it would seem that, in conformity to the rest, he ought to be represented in such a state only, as the simplest forms of society, and most unconstrained situations in it, exhibit. Courts and cities, camps and senates, do not well accord

with silvan scenery. From the principle of congruity, therefore, a critic might be induced to reject some of these digressive ornaments, though intrinsically beautiful, and doubtless contributing to the elevation and variety of the piece. His judgment in this respect would be a good deal influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is so easy and natural, that the mind is scarcely sensible of the deviation; in others it is more abrupt and unartful. As examples of both, we may refer to the passages in which various characters from English, and from Grecian and Roman history, are displayed. The former, by a happy gradation, is introduced at the close of a delightful piece, containing the praises of Britain; which is itself a kind of digression, though a very apt and seasonable one. The latter has no other connexion with the part at which it is inserted, than the very forced and distant one, that as reading may be reckoned among the amusements appropriated to Winter, such subjects as these will naturally offer themselves to the studious mind.

There is another source of sentiment to the Poet of the SEASONS, which, while it is superior to the

last in real elevation, is also strictly connected with the nature of his work. The genuine philosopher, while he surveys the grand and beautiful objects every where surrounding him, will be prompted to lift his eye to the great cause of all these wonders; the planner and architect of this mighty fabric, every minute part of which so much awakens his curiosity and admiration. The laws by which this Being acts, the ends which he seems to have pursued, must excite his humble researches; and in proportion as he discovers infinite power in the means, directed by infinite goodness in the intention, his soul must be wrapt in astonishment, and expanded with gratitude. The economy of Nature will, to such an observer, be the perfect scheme of an all-wise and beneficent mind; and every part of the wide creation will appear to proclaim the praise of its great Author. Thus a new connexion will manifest itself between the several parts of the universe; and a new order and design will be traced through the progress of its various revolutions.

THOMSON'S SEASONS is as eminently a religious, as it is a descriptive poem. Thoroughly impressed with sentiments of veneration for the Au-

thor of that assemblage of order and beauty which it was his province to paint, he takes every proper occasion to excite similar emotions in the breasts of his readers. Entirely free from the gloom of superstition and the narrowness of bigotry, he every where represents the Deity as the kind and beneficent parent of all his works, always watchful over their best interests, and from seeming evil still educing the greatest possible good to all his creatures. In every appearance of nature he beholds the operation of a divine hand; and regards, according to his own emphatical phrase, each change throughout the revolving year as but the "varied God." This spirit, which breaks forth at intervals in each division of his poem, shines full and centred in that noble Hymn which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of its kind since the days of MILTON, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus is not only admirable as a separate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the great whole.

Thus is planned and constructed a Poem, which, founded as it is upon the unfading beauties of Na-

ture, will live as long as the language in which it is written shall be read. If the perusal of it be in any respect rendered more interesting or instructive by this imperfect Essay, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.



SPRING

and gather in their prime
 Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy love's bosom that improves their sweets.

Published by Terner & Wood, Printers, 1811.

S P R I N G.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher ; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on Man : concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

BOOK I.

The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford.

COME, gentle SPRING! ethereal Mildness! come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HERTFORD! fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,

The Season described as it affects

The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze ;
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
 Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost ;
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke

They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40

Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,

Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes ! blow ;
Ye softening dews ! ye tender showers ! descend ; 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun !

Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :

Such themes as these the rural MARO sung 55
To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.

IN ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd

The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :

And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes 60

Are but the beings of a summer's day,

Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm

Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,

White.

The Season described as it affects

Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain, 70
 Your empire owns ; and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land ; the naked nations clothe ; 75
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever new delight. 85

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.

The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes ; and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains ;
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush ; one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies :
 If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale

The Season described as it affects

Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer, chaff
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls :
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135
 BE patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
 In endless train would quench the summer-blaze, 140
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

THE North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
 Warms the wide air ; and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense;

 The Season described as it affects

The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world. 175

THE stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun

Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around ;
Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red, 205
To where the violet fades into the sky.

HERE, awful NEWTON ! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs

The Season described as it affects

To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds ;
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam ; to give to light
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of Man, 235
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song-went round ; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale 250
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

NOR yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
 Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on ;
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
 Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

The Season described as it affects

The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy ; 265
 For music held the whole in perfect peace ;
 Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
 Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
 Is off the poise within : the passions all
 Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
 Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

Ev'N love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;

Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells,
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295

THESE, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm : whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came ;
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph ;
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;

The Season described as it affects

Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 't is well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 't is copious blest.

For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345
 With hunger stung, and wild necessity ;
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done ? ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death ? You, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold. And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,

The Season described as it affects

Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Ev'n of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest : but 't is enough, 370
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375
 Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast

Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ; 405
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

The Season described as it affects

IF yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod ; 415
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage ; and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line ;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore

You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439

Thus pass the temperate hours : but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;

Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale

Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445

The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,

With all the lowly children of the shade :

Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,

Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,

The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450

High, in the beetling cliff, his aerie builds.

There let the classic page thy fancy lead

Thro' rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan swain

Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455

Athwart imagination's vivid eye :

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,

And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,

Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix

Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460

Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;

All but the swellings of the softened heart,

That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

 Influence of the Season on Vegetables.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah what shall language do? ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime

Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk, 495

Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500

Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,

Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly;
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510

The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view

Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps :
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

BUT why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dies ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown; 530
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies ; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,

The varied colours run ; and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.

At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend 570
 My panting Muse ! and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse ; while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring ; and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes ; the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill'd-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn :

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush, 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulation mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610
 'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts

Influence of the Season on Animals.

Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate ; and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove ;
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
 That NATURE's great command may be obey'd :
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few ;
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.

Influence of the Season on Animals.

Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight ;
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 't is nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows ;
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings

Influence of the Season on Animals.

The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break ; and come to light,
 A helpless family demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young ; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast ;
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN ;
 Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.
 NOR toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,

Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight; and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.

 Influence of the Season on Animals.

Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe ; till wide around the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725
 But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky :
 'This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge

Influence of the Season on Animals.

Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;
 'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's shore ; whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds ; 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire ;
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,

Influence of the Season on Animals.

Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook ; who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,

And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders ; nor th' inticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight ; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins : 800
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong :
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves

 Influence of the Season on Animals.

The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once

Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845

WHAT is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven! and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?
 Inspiring GOD! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

BUT, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his Works appears:
 Chief, lovely Spring! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts 860
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Effects on Man.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ; 865
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
With warmest beam ; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait ; your active search 880
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

FOR you, the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad ; for you, the teeming clouds 885
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation stilk. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DÉITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world ! 900
 THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYTTELTON, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st ;
 Thy British Tempe ! There along the dale, 906
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play ;
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,

 Beauties of Hagley.

And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, and flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
 You wander thro' the philosophic world; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time;
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 BRITANNIA'S weal; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 'Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

PERHAPS thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;

And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love, 945
 Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the Virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;

 Advice to young Men respecting Love.

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.
 AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 't is too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours ;
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' inticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,

A Lover described.

Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

 EVEN present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 996
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

 BUT absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !
 Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
 'Tis nought but gloom around : the darkened sun
 Loses his light : the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;

A Lover described.

And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
 Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love : or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy East,
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his : or, while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,

Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.

OFT with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man ;
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,

 Effects of Jealousy in Youth.

Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore ; where succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070
 THESE are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more ;
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah then, instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire ;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,

True Pleasures of Marriage.

And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins ;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
 For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they ! the happiest of their kind ! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,

 True Pleasures of Marriage.

Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1121
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure .

LET him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let Eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form ;
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them ?
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ? 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look

Delights from a rising Offspring.

Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

DELIGHTFUL task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart ;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.

THESE are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

Delights from a rising Offspring.

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting **SPRING** 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.





Kirk, sculp.

Hodges, sculp.

MUSIDORA.

*"Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd,
And, robb'd in loose array, she came to bathe."*

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S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. 'The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

SUMMER.

BOOK II.

Inscribed to Mr. Dodington.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth.
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning Breezes, on his way ; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

 Inscribed to Mr. Dodington.

COME, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite :
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,

SUMMER.

55

Inscribed to Mr. Dodington.

And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes 60
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;

 The Benefit of early rising.

And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song ? 70

For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75

Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ;
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ? 80

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all, 85
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light! 90

Of all material beings first, and best!

Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!

Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95

Shines out thy MAKER! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,

As with a chain indissoluble bound,

Thy System rolls entire: from the far bourne

Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100

Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk

Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,

Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead; 106

And not, as now, the green abodes of life!

How many forms of being wait on thee,

Inhaling spirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,

By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110

The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,

Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede

That waits thy throne; as thro' thy vast domain,

The Sun's Power on Vegetables and Minerals.

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 114
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay,
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours ;
 The Zephyrs floating loose ; the timely Rains ;
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews ;
 And softened into joy the surly Storms. 125
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits : till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
 Nor to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence, the veiny marble shines ; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence bless mankind ; and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

The Sun's Power on Minerals.

TH' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine. •
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ; 156
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
 THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blackened flood,

The Supreme Being described.

Softens at thy return. The desert joys, 165
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170

And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far ; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM ! 175

Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,

And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all.

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clust'ring roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
 While tyrant Heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,

Effects of the Sun on the Works of Nature.

When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215

But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;
His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221

While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225

That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,

The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale ; till, wakened by the wasp, 235

They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race

Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
Not mean tho' simple ; to the sun ally'd,

 Summer Insects.

From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.

TEN thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream

 Summer Insects.

They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !
 Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass

 Summer Insects.

- Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the vital Breath, when PARENT HEAVEN
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 - Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze ; 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 EACH liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 - With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, • 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
 The grosser eye of Man : for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,

 Summer Insects.

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,

Hay-making.

Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
Ev'n so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine ;
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :

 Flock of Sheep.

Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,

 Sheepshearing.

Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395
 Head above head : and rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the past'ral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by th' twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !

 Noon-Day Heat described.

What softness in its melancholy face, 415

What dumb complaining innocence appears !

Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 't is not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;

No, 't is the tender swain's well-guided shears,

Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420

Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,

Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE SCENE ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees

Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands

Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425

The treasures of the Sun without his rage :

Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,

Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence

Rides o'er the waves sublime ; and now, ev'n now,

Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430

Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun

Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.

O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,

Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams

And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root

 Noon-Day Heat described.

Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose ;

Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.

Echo no more returns the cheerful sound

• Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps

O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445

And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard

Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.

The very streams look languid from afar;

Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem

To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING Heat ! oh intermit thy wrath ;

And on my throbbing temples potent thus

Beam not so fierce. Incessant still you flow,

And still another fervent flood succeeds,

Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455

And restless turn, and look around for Night ;

Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side

Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,

Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ; 460

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,

And fresh-bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,

Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,

Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

 Noon-Day Heat described.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure ;
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides,
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops

 Shepherd and his Flock.

The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell;
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;

A solemn Grove described.

And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation ; these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,

A solemn Grove described.

majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 ed terror, a severe delight,
 thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strains."
 AND art thou, STANLEY, of that sacred band ?

A solemn Grove described.

Alas, for us too soon ! Tho' rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy ; who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.
 Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back,
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

A Waterfall described.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed ; and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

Torrid Zone described.

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint;
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the Torrid Zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,

Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons pass: 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.

HERE lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods, 654
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems; and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,

Gardening.

With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze, 670
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;
More bounteous far, than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna! thou the pride 685
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

Various Animals described.

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dewes and torrent rains, prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude ; and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall ;
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas ; 705
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far-diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

THE flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,

 Various Animals described.

And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd ;
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,

Various Animals described.

Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740

Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent

Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast

A boundless radiance waving on the sun,

While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,

Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745

The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

BUT come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,

A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:

And, swifter than the toiling caravan,

Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb 750

The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds

Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask

Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;

No holy Fury thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755

With consecrated steel to stab their peace,

And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,

To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

THOU, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,

From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers ; 760

From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay ;

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,

That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,

And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

 Thunder described.

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
 Ethereal soul ; there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind ; 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns ! a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd !
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air

 The River Nile described.

Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;

Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,

Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,

With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.

Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795

Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,

And by conflicting winds together dash'd,

The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :

From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;

Till, in the furious elemental war 800

Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass

Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search

Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,

Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805

From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,

Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake

Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away

His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810

That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;

And gathering many a flood, and copious fed

With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,

 The River Nile described.

Winds in progressive majesty along : 815

Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze ;

Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts

Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit

The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks

From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820

And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods

In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave

Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract

Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825

Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar ;

From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines

With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds

On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :

All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830

And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

NOR less thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,

The lavish moisture of the melting year.

Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque

Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835

To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees ;

At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.

SWELL'D by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd

From all the roaring Andes, huge descends

The mighty Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840

Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass

Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt

The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,

Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,

Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845

In silent dignity they sweep along ;

And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,

And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude !

Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,

Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850

O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow ;

And many a nation feed ; and circle safe,

In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;

The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd

By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855

Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,

Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,

Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;

And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?

This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 861

This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,

Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?

By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,

What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what?
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her od'rous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace; 875
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth; the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
 Kind equal rule; the government of laws, 881
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man;
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

 Animals of the Desert.

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there; 890

The soft regards, the tenderness of life,

The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight

Of sweet humanity; these court the beam

Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,

And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895

There lost. The very brute-creation there

This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,

Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,

At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900

In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,

Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,

He throws his folds: and while, with threat'ning tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905

Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,

Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,

The small close-lurking minister of Fate,

Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins

A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910

The vital current. Form'd to humble man,

This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd

To fearless lust of blood, the savage race

Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,

Animals of the Desert.

And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell :
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king 925
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. 'Th' awakened village starts ;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,

Society, cut off, is left alone 940

Amid this world of death. Day after day,

Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,

And views the main that ever toils below ;

Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,

Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945

Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;

At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart

Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,

And hiss continual thro' the tedious night. 950

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes

Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,

And guilty Cæsar, LIBERTY retir'd,

Her CATO following thro' Numidian wilds :

Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955

And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;

When for them she must bend the servile knee,

And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.

Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath ! 960

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,

And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,

A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites

A Hurricane described.

With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert ! ev'n the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
 BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells ;
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye.

A Hurricane described.

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass . 995
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

IN wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from^o ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
 The rising world of trade; the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,

 Pestilential Diseases.

Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dies the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious stream : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilential disease. 1035
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend ;
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.

The Plague.

Such as, of late, at Carthagenæ quench'd 1040
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON! saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey;
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,

The Plague.

Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of Men : unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

BUT vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,

A Thunder Storm.

The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to ten-fold rage, 1095
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
But 't is enough ; return my vagrant Muse :
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky ; surcharg'd 1105
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
Pollute the sky ; and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war

A Thunder Storm.

Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the ærial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still

A Thunder Storm.

Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140

Follows the loosened aggravated roar,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal

Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,

Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds 1145

Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,

Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,

Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls ;

And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149

Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine

Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :

Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look

They wore alive, and ruminating still

In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull 1155

And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,

The venerable tower and spiry fane

Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,

Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161

The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,

Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks

Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,

Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thule bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. YOUNG CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'T was friendship heightened by the mutual wish, 1180
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
 So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

 Story of Celadon and Amelia.

By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 " And inward storm ! HE, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace, 1214

Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields ; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235
 Most favour'd ; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,

 Bathing.

Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd? 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
 Instant emerge ; and thro' the obedient wave, 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;
 Nor, when cold WINTER keeps the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,

 Story of Damon and Musidora.

First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275

She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280

'Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285

Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool-retreat his MUSIDORA sought.
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;

And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire :
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?

MEANTIME, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,

Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
 Then to the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild ;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.

WHILE thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw : “ Bathe on, my fair,

 Story of Damon and Musidora.

" Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt ;
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the statue that enchants the world ;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

RECOVERING, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt ; 1355
 The charming blush of innocence ; esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : ev'n a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers, this confession carv'd,

Evening described.

Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365

“ Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean;

“ By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,

“ Alas! not favour'd less; be still as now

“ Discreet; the time may come you need not fly.”

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb 1370

Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,

And vital lustre; that, with various ray,

Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,

Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,

The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375

Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast

Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth

And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour

Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves

To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380

With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,

And in pathetic song to breathe around

The harmony to others. Social friends,

Attun'd to happy unison of soul;

To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385

Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,

Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught

With philosophic stores, superior light;

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns

The River Thames.

Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport ; which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good. 1399

WHICH way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant SUMMER opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send ;
 Now to the Sister-hills that skirt her plain ; 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.

IN lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn

The River Thames.

To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY ;
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE of THAMES ;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their POPP impleore
 The healing God ; to royal Hampton's pile ;
 To Clermont's terrass'd height ; and Esher's groves ;
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
 Inchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all

The stretching landskip into smoke decays ! 1440
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN of ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445
 Thy streams unfailing in the SUMMER's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1461
 With labour burn ; and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu ; and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd ;
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine ;
In whom the splendour of heroic war
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,

British Worthies.

Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor ;
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.

FRUGAL, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fettered ; and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

NOR can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,

The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul ;
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlightened love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 THINE is a BACON ; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535

And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course; him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd; deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1540
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again. 1549
 THE generous ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1556
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, pure Intelligence! whom God

To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1664
 Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met ?
 A genius universal as his theme ;
 Astonishing as Chaos ; as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair ; as Heaven sublime. 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
 MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail ! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,

Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself ; but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU ! by whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls ;
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol ; white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;

Decline of Day.

Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ; 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey ;
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs, 1625
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,

A Summer Evening described.

This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'T is so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank ;
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645
 CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper die 1650
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655

While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted : and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1665
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shun'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,

Ghosts the Dreams of Fancy.—Motions of the Planets.

So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and, thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night ; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long-retain'd 1690
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695
 When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky ; or horizontal dart 1700
 In wondrous shapes ; by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,

Motions of the Planets.

The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
 Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,

Praise of Philosophy.

To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song! 1730
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day, 1735
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
 The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects, to HIM, 1745
 The world-producing ESSENCE! who alone
 Possesses being; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

WITHOUT thee, what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
 Rough clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775

Praise of Philosophy.

Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation through: and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the word,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear; 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,

Praise of Philosophy.

In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God;
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.



Woolly pine!

W. Taylor engr.

AUTUMN.

*the Clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade*

Line, 64.

Published by Turner & Hood, Posters, 1861.

AUTUMN.

BOOK III.

Inscribed to Mr. Onslow.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view;
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;

 Autumn described.

While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note; and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.

 Blessings of Industry.

A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life:

Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.

Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away,

 Blessings of Industry.

For home he had not; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations, mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd-along:
 A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers;
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire;
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table; pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:

The Benefits of Society.

Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

THEN gath'ring men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a Public; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws;
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfect wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;

 Commerce the Parent of Wealth.

And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built; 119
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch

 The Praises of Industry.—Description of Reaping.

Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
 His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves;
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
 While thro' their cheerful band, the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless; to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

BE not too narrow, husbandmen; but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends,
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth;
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Lavinia described.

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

HER form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195

Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd

 Palemon described.

By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ; 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :
 " WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,

 The Pleasures of a virtuous Passion.

" Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands, 245
 " And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 " 'T is said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

WHEN, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

Palemon's Address to Lavinia.

“ AND art thou then ACAS^TO's dear remains ? 265
“ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
“ So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
“ The softened image of my noble friend ;
“ Alive his every look, his every feature,
“ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270
“ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
“ That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where,
“ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
“ The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN ?
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275
“ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
“ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?
“ O let me now, into a richer soil,
“ Transplant thee safe ; where vernal suns, and showers,
“ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280
“ And of my garden be the pride, and joy.
“ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
“ ACAS^TO's daughter, his whose open stores,
“ Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
“ The father of a country, thus to pick 285
“ The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
“ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
“ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
“ But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;

 The Effects of a Storm described.

" The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours: 306
 Nor less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs

 The Effects of a Storm described.

Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
 But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense! the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingled tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,

The Sportsman.

Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.

FLED to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that sparing board 355
Which covers yours with luxury profuse;
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,

The Sportsman.

Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
 THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'T is not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark;
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,

Cruelty of Hunting.

Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew

 Cruelty of Hunting.

Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd; and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once: 420
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight; 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth

Hunting the Fox.

Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450

Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
Blood happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,

Hunting the Fox.

See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465

Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:

Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar

Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart

Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then

Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471

Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:

Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,

Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.

Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475

High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass

Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness

Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;

And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480

Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,

From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;

Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;

Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485

Pour all your speed into the rapid game.

For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;

Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile

Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;

Hunting Entertainment.

Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils;
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

Hunting Entertainment.

A potent gale; delicious, as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
 At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
 Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 539

Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.

MEANTIME, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul; 545
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky,
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining, still from side to side;
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

 Advice to the Fair Sex.—Female Employments.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them;
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 't is graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man. 585

O MAY their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see; a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs

 Nutting described.

Float in the loose simplicity of dress; 590
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you

 Various Fruits.

The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair: 620
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete;
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

 The Seat of Mr. Dodington described.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
 Dwells in their gelid pores! and, active, points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 PHILIPS, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. 650

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene, and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns: and every view, 655
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect: yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:

A Vineyard described.

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open; aiming thence, 670
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plum; 675
 The ruddy fragrant nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
 Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs, 685
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,

Autumnal Fogs.

Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes 690
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.

As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.

Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nation pours the cup of joy: 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
Descend the copious exhalations; check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole;
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense

Autumnal Rains.

Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon opprest, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 720
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,

Autumnal Rains.

And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. . . 740
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 760
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,

The watery Deep's described.

The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watry times again. 770

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O, thou pervading Genius, given to Man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss!
 O! lay the mountains bare; and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view;
 Strip from the branching ALPS their piny load;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds;
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream.
 O from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;

 The watery Deeps described.

From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ 790
 Believes the stony girdle of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
 O sweep th' eternal snows, hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base. 795

BID Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterraneous wonders spread; unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold.

AMAZING scene! Behold! the glooms disclose; 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;

 Emigration of Birds.

That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense;
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again;
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;

Emigration of Birds.

In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay, 856
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flights ascend; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thule, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there

Caledonia described.

Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865

And how the living clouds on clouds arise?

Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,

And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native, his small flock,

And herd diminutive of many hues, 870

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,

The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;

Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up

The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875

Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,

High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,

Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view;

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,

Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880

Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,

Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand

Planted of old; her azure lakes between,

Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth

Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885

With many a cool translucent brimming flood

Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,

Whose past'ral banks first heard my Doric reed,

With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)

To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 900
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land; for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil, 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain?
 And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil?

 Character of the Duke of Argyle.

How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn; with vent'rous oar
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores?
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?
 Yes, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd;
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn;
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulph'rous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;

Woods in Autumn.

While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

MEANTIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;

Winter Walks.

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet; 965
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun, the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground. 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,

 Melancholy.

And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990

But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs

Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;

Till choak'd and matted with the dreary shower,

The forest-walks, at every rising gale,

Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;

And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race

Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd

Of stronger fruits, falls from the naked tree;

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000

The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,

The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005

The softened feature, and the beating heart,

Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!

Inflames imagination; thro' the breast

Infuses every tenderness; and far 1010

Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such

As never mingled with the vulgar dream,

Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.

 Melancholy.

As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth 1020
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame; 1025
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 With all the social Offspring of the heart.

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms; 1030
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear.

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of STOWE! 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
 And there, O PITT! thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that Temple where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild; gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds

 Moon-Light.

Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts; 1065
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.

WHILE thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of ordered trees should'st here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour and thy vet'ran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east;
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,

Northern Lights.

Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes, 1091
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half-blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white; 1105
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes

 Northern Lights.

Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd;
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135
 Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

A benighted Traveller.

Distinction lost; and gay variety 1140

One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge; 1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round; or gathered trails 1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph;
While still, from day to day, his pining wife, 1155

And plaintive children, his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better Genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path, 1160
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright;

 Bees described.

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

 Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waken cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1181

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam, for this sad fate?
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,

 Bees described.

Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190

Can you not borrow; and, in just return,

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day?

See where the stony bottom of their town 1195

Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there

A helpless number, who the ruin'd state

Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200

At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,

(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd

By some dread earthquake; and convulsive hurl'd

Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,

Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,

O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high;

Infinite splendour! wide investing all.

How still the breeze! save what the filmy thread

Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd

With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd

The radiant sun how gay! how calm below

A Country Life described.

The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
 Points an approving smile, with double force
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?

A Country Life described.

Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

A Country Life described.

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these

Pleasures of a Country Life.

Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting germs,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,

Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates, writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

WHEN Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throws; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace

Philosophic Life.

Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man.
OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all! 1350
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust.

BUT if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from THEE, 1371

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appenines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

WINTER.

BOOK IV.

General Features of Winter.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme;
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
Trode the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,

 Address to the Earl of Wilmington.

Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year;
 Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.

NOR art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive;
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse

 The Approach of Winter.—Its Effects on Man and Animals.

Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
 And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world;
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60

THE soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,

 The Effects of Winter on Man and Animals.

Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure,
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 76
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air;
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind

 Winter Floods.

Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs; nor reeks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along;
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,

 Signs of a Tempest.

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 't is calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.

Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the withered leaf; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

RETIRING from the downs, where all day long

A Tempest described.

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

A Tempest described.

Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,

 Contemplation on Night.

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burden'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
 Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 't is midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!
 Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

 Snow described.

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life, thou GOOD SUPREME!
 O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit; and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THE keener tempests rise: and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide

 Snow described.

The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the table-crums 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

 Husbandman perishing in the Snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of the whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft; and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!

Husbandman perishing in the Snow.

When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then thron' the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

IN vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

 Miseries of a Prison.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

MUCH still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd; from all the tract

 Appenine Mountains described.

Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
 Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up; lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.
 AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd.

 Converse with the Dead.

In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd;
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,

 Characters of Greece.

Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of GOD within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death.
 Great moral teacher! wisest of Mankind! 445
 SOLON the next; who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone;
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's fame.

 Characters of Greece.

Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the Good; in public life severe;
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten State, AGIS, who saw
 Ev'n SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.

 Roman Characters.

The two Achaian heroes close the train: 490

ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul

Of fondly-lingering liberty in GREECE:

And he her darling as her latest hope,

The gallant PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms

Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495

Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;

Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!

A race of heroes! in those virtuous times

Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500

Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:

Her better founder first, the light of ROME,

NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:

SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base

On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505

Then the great consuls venerable rise.

The PUBLIC FATHER who the Private quell'd,

As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.

He, whom his thankless country could not lose,

CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510

FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold;

And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.

Thy WILLING VICTIM, Carthage, bursting loose

From all that pleading Nature could oppose;

 Roman Characters.

From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.

SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave;
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a-while
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing ROME.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart;
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.

Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'T is Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side,
The BRITISH MUSE: join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the MORAL SCENE:

 Address to Mr. Hammond.

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! society divine! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart:

For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,

Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556

Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store

Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm 566
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
 Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
 Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND;
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral World,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general Good. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,

In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile; 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before;
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;

 Winter Amusements.

Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEANTIME the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.

The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645
 DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous BEVIL show'd. 655
 O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660.
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the Rural Muse,
 O CHESTERFIELD! to grace with thee her song.

 Character of Lord Chesterfield.

Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.

OR, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680
 BRITANNIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend; 686
 And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
 Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,

 Frost beneficial.

Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:

For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,

Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,

For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,

Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695

Storing afresh with elemental life.

Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds

Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,

Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;

Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves, 700

In swifter sallies darting to the brain;

Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,

Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

ALL Nature feels the renovating force

Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705

In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,

And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710

The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,

And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores

Description of Frost.

Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power! 715
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows; or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

 Winter Amusements.

Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

FROM pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears

The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 753
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock; or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy

 Winter Amusements.

Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
 PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents awhile to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,

 Winter in the Frigid Zone.

And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone;
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary waste,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 805
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,

 Winter in the Frigid Zone.

Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils; 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows; 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk;

Laplanders, and the Northern Regions described.

Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south, 841
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

Nor such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850

Their rein-deer form their riches. These, their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste;
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wond'rous day: enough to light the chase,

 Northern Regions.

Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865

WISH'D Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds;
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.

In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses Tenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed; nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond Tornêa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,

Mountains of Ice.

Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court; 895
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage

The lowest Race of Man.

Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the BRITON's fate, 925
 As with first prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
 HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,

 Peter the Great of Russia.

Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 955
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.

YE shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd 960
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then

 Peter the Great of Russia.

A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,

Description of Thaw.

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

ILL fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan

 Life compared to the Seasons.

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosened brine; while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye! 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope; and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd; VIRTUE sole-survives,

Virtue the Friend of Man.

Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'T is come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form; from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

YE vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitters all our bliss. Ye good distress!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand

Virtue the Friend of Man.

Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A
H Y M N.

To the Supreme Being.

THESE, as they change, **ALMIGHTY FATHER!** these,
Are but the varied **GOD.** The rolling year
Is full of **THEE.** Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, **THY** tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes **THY** glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then **THY** sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft **THY** voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15

 To the Supreme Being.

Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round;
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75

YE woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Bursts from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling bass;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90

To the Supreme Being.

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 't is nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educating good,

To the Supreme Being.

And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

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